Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, JULY 26, 1940. | 77th Year.

—Courtesy C. P. R.

OUR GUEST CHILDREN

HERE is an attractive glimpse of some of our guest children recently arrived from the Old Country. These members of a party of 52 girls from a school near Brighton, England, show great interest in the large map of Canada in Windsor Station Montreal. They noticed particularly the Maritime section, because they will continue their studies at Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S., for the duration of the war.

(Please turn to P. 4 for more pictures and letters describing the conditions the children have left and their arrival in Canada.)

"A Life of Adventure"

By N. A. Thomas

For the Messenger

THE smoke from their wood fire had died down and over the red coals the boys roasted weiners spitted on long forked sticks. They wedged the hot savory brown meat between slices of home-baked brown bread, and, sitting on the ground, ate hungrily, looking out over the plain below them stretching to the blue waters of Maiden Lake on the east and to the hazy, snow-capped Rockies on the West. They had climbed this Saturday morning for their picnic to the summit of old Pilot Knob. They loved it here where they could pretend they were Indians to their heart's content. Here was the grave of a lone Indian, known as Pheasant Back, and here was the cairn of stone that marked his last resting place. Here, also, were Indian relics in the form of arrowheads, flints, and once they found an old Indian clay pipe.

"Those were the days," said Archie Clark, breaking the silence after they had finished eating their lunch. "I wish I had lived when Sandy McBride did."

"You would be dead now," returned Sam Summers.

"I'd have had a life of adventure," said Archie wistfully. "Nothing happens nowadays."

"Wouldn't it have been keen if we had been eating pemmican instead of weiners and an Indian camp was down there below Tail Creek?" asked Ben dreamily. "Grandfather remembers hearing Sandy McBride tell about that last buffalo hunt, when they drove the buffalo into the lake and shot them. Many of them drowned—the buffalo, I mean."

"You mean those bones we find on the beach where the water has receded are bones of that hunt?" asked Sam incredulously yet hopefully.

"Why sure. That was in 1880, just about sixty years ago. Granddad remembers about the Red River brigades that used to go out from Winnipeg across the prairie to trade with the Indians," boasted Ben, proudly.

"Gee!" exclaimed Archie, "it must have been keen in those days. I suppose that pemmican cache that was found a few years ago along the Red Deer river was put there by the Indians, for they roved all over these plains, and sometimes they ran out of meat and if they had a cache near they could always get by till they found the buffalo again."

"I wonder how they made that pemmican. You know the paper said the very inside of the sacks was good *yet!*" declared Sam.

"The squaws always rode after the hunting party on travois," Ben informed his companions. "The squaws always made the pemmican after the buffalo were skinned. They sewed up

the hides with raw-hide thongs and pounded the meat into them with those stone hammers we found. After the sack was full they poured melted tallow over it and sewed up the top and there she was good for years. Granddad says the white fur traders used to carry it with them on their trading treks so that if game was scarce they wouldn't go hungry."

"Your grandfather still has an old flintlock gun, hasn't he?" inquired Archie.

"Yes, and when the Indians were out hunting they carried the second load in their mouth so they could fire in a hurry. I mean after they had traded for guns."

"It must have been quite a trick to strike fire with a flint," said Sam.

"Oh, they carried a bit of oiled paper. It didn't take but a minute when you learned how," declared Ben.

* * *

"SANDY McBRIDE was a fur-trader in the Hudson's Bay employ. He went out from Winnipeg with a brigade going to the northwest, and didn't return for three years. They carried pemmican as emergency rations and lived off the country as they went. They had fifty Red River carts, each carrying a half-ton. Those traders didn't have bread to eat for all the time they were gone!"

"Some time when we go to Calgary," said Sam, "I want to go to the museum and see a Red River cart. You know it was put together without a nail."

"Just dove-tailed and the wheels were never greased," added Ben. "You could hear them squealing for six miles on a clear day. When they came to rivers they just took off the wheels, lashed them together with raw-hide thongs and made a flotilla, lifted the bodies on and poled across. They drove the Red River ponies or oxen and were moving at three o'clock in the morning. They made camp at about one o'clock, outspanned and let the animals graze and rest while they made camp, cooked their food and rested."

"When the settlers came pouring into the West I suppose that Sandy McBride built his log cabin and lived with his memories," said Archie, looking down at the old cabin in the pines below them.

"Not at first he didn't. Granddad says he managed a large cattle business for Senator Burns. He took the first shipment of cattle to the Yukon in the early days of the gold rush."

"He was a lucky fellow," declared Sam. "Indians, gold-rush days—everything. His whole life was crammed full of adventure. I wish something would happen *now!*"

"Sa-a-y, fellers, *look!*" exclaimed Ben Williams. "There's smoke coming out of the chimney of Sandy's old cabin! Somebody's in there. Maybe it's a kidnapper or a criminal, or it might be someone hunting treasure. You know Sandy was a miser. At least grandfather says he was. There might be treasure hidden in the chimney or buried."

* * *

THE boys looked each other steadily in the eyes for a moment, then in a single quick breath exclaimed, "Let's go down and see!"

A thrill, almost of terror at the possibility of surprising a criminal in the very act of digging up a pot of treasure, ran down their spines. A few quick stamps and the red embers of their fire were put out. The shortest cut to the old shack was at an angle down the steep side of old Pilot Knob. They slipped over the edge into the thicket of pines and undergrowth that covered the almost perpendicular side of the hill, clutching tree trunks, sliding, slipping, grasping at branches to check their perilous speed, and reached a lower level scratched and breathless.

"We'd better go quieter the rest of the way," cautioned Ben in a low voice. "What do you say we follow the coulee creek that goes right by the cabin. It winds an awful lot, but we won't make so much noise as we do crashing through the brush."

The boys nodded assent. Cautiously they scrambled along the rocky course of the little stream and soon reached the edge of the clearing, and peering through the thick foliage of pine boughs, looked almost fearfully at the open door and empty window of the tiny cabin that had been Sandy McBride's solitary home. A wind blew in occasional gusts from the hilltop and swayed the boughs of a great pine back and forth across the roof of the shack with a rasping sound. Nothing moved, no other noise could be heard, try as they might, straining their ears and eyes.

* * *

"SHUCKS," whispered Ben, after two or three still minutes. "I can't even see any smoke coming out of the chimney now. It must have been just mist blowing across the valley. Let's go out——" He stopped, almost crying out in pain as Sam's fingers gripped his arm and sank in. "Oh," gasped Ben under his breath, "*look,*—the window, —a face—white—it's gone!" A bough of the pine was swept down by the breeze and cast a shadow over the window. Through the window, faintly white, flat, expressionless, almost featureless, vague, surely a horrid face, reappeared and vanished slowly. The boys drew cautiously back into the thickness of the bushes, and tried to breathe more slowly, more silently. Could that face be seeing, it's eyes hidden from them, but craftily searching out their hiding place? What—who—who could it be? They dared not look at each other. They stared without winking at the empty window without glass, at the doorway without a door, until their eyes burned. There was not a sound except the tree scratching over the roof. Then came a fresh breeze, a swaying and a louder scratching that concealed any possible sound, and the white face stealthily drew toward the window, not so near this time, but vague, large, furtive—and hastily pulled back—suspicious, secret, hidden.

Ben looked at Sam. Sam nodded. No words, not a whisper could be risked here. They must first reach a more secure distance from this threatening danger.

* * *

WITH re-doubled caution the boys worked their way noiselessly back beyond the rocky creek bed into a still denser thicket and so reached an open trail. Never had they made the return trip to the village in so short a time.

"Your house is the nearest," remarked Sam to Ben. "Let's tell your father first. Anyway, he's deputy sheriff and should get a posse together and surround the shack."

"Yes," agreed Ben, a bit proudly. So over the fence they leaped, and, tired though they were from their pell-mell descent from Pilot Knob, they raced breathlessly to where they heard Ben's father hammering. He was shingling a chicken coop. He heard their excited tale with never a word till it was all out.

"Well," he said slowly, putting down his hammer, "it may be, you think, an escaped convict or a kidnapper, or a treasure hunter, perhaps a robber burying his loot. Perhaps it is only that lunatic that escaped from the Sanitarium last week. Let's have a look at him. Come on, boys."

"But, dad," gasped Ben, "we can't go alone. You'll need your gun and a gang to surround him."

"Nonsense," laughed his father. "If I can't catch one criminal or lunatic single-handed, I'm a poor deputy sheriff, and besides I have you boys to help."

* * *

THERE was nothing the boys could reply, and they didn't want to give away quite how frightened they were. At the edge of the little clearing they watched the cabin from the safe shield of the pine thicket. A cloud shadow darkened the cabin, making it still more mysterious, threatening danger. No sound—no white face—no smoke from the chimney.

Silence—and it seemed to the boys a dreadful silence preceding disaster.

(Please turn to Page 13.)

WANTED — A JOB!

By M. W. Fox

For the Messenger.

"OH, but it's good to be free!" thought Max Bartley, as he sped round and round the Square of his home village on his bicycle. Of course he had felt sorry to leave all the fellows at High School, but it had been more or less of a grind, his studies. Now for life!

"I'll have to be seeing about a job soon, of course—but not for a week or two. I've surely earned a rest."

Bother, there was old Jim Baxter hailing him! Now what could he want?

He stopped the bicycle.

"Just wanted to give you a shake of the hand and say, 'welcome home'," grinned the old man, leaning against the bicycle. "And how do you think your dad looks? Not so well, eh? Been worrying a lot about being out of work so much. Well, times are changed—buses taking the place of trains a lot, throws train-men out of work. Well, now that he has a fine young man like you to put his shoulder to the wheel he's not to be pitied so much. Haven't got a job yet though, I hear."

"No, not quite settled on one yet," answered Max, airily, "But I'm landing one shortly."

"And that's true," he thought to himself, for some of the companies to which he had so lavishly written would, of course, grab at his services. "Well, I must be off—see you later," and away whizzed the bicycle again.

On the other side of the Square he passed the largest of the town's four stores. A row of men and boys were sitting on the platform steps. "Hey, Max!" they shouted in friendly greeting. He'd have to stop and have a chat with them. If not, they'd think he was too high-hat.

He leaned his wheel against a post.

"Halloo, everyone!" and he beamed on the crowd, for he knew them all. "What's going on?"

"Nothin',—that's the trouble," answered Bert Campbell.

"You fellows all out of work?' grinned back Max.

"Sure, or we wouldn't be here," drawled Jack Worden, who, Max remembered, was rather a chronic out-of-worker. But, not the others.

He listened to their hard luck stories. Nothing to do, only now and then an odd chore about the village or peeling a little pulp-wood. Then they started in yarning—one and another exchanging stories—then before Max quite realized what was happening they were rehashing all the village gossip with, no doubt, a little addition of their own. "They seemed to be having a good time out of it, anyhow," thought Max. He studied them a bit as they talked. This enforced loafing was degenerating them all right. There was Jack Pender and Clive Baker, not much older than himself, who used to be bright, alert young fellows, now—they looked just like the regulation, town loafer. "Can't even put their shoulders back, any longer," disgustedly thought Max. Then a terrible fear clutched at his heart. Why, those fellows, not so long ago, had finished high school and expected to do wonderful things in the world—in fact felt just like he did now!

"Guess I'd better be getting along," he said hurriedly, springing to his bicycle and racing off as though something were chasing him that he must escape from.

* * *

"Saw you in the loafer's gallery," grinned fourteen-year-old Joan as the family sat down to the dinner table, much less lavishly-laden than formerly, Max noticed. "Well, you'd better not start wearing out the seat of your pants with that crowd or you're a gonner. If I were a man out of work I'd—I'd do something, before I'd become a chronic loafer like that row of jelly-fish up there," and the girl tossed her black curls and sparks of disdain seemed almost to fly from her eyes.

"But, what if there are no jobs, Smartie?" defended Max. "Most of those fellows up there would be working if they could."

"Maybe. But they're not so keen on it as they were. They're getting to enjoy sitting there and yarning all day. I were a young man, or an old one either, I'd—I'd—make a job. So there!"

"All very fine for you to talk," persisted Max. "But if there are no jobs to be had—then what?'

"Well, I'd take a job without pay—anything, rather than just settle down to loafing. Yes I would," and the energetic Joan gave a jerk at her soup dish, so vigorously that part of the contents splashed out on the table cloth.

"Good! There's your job—you've made for yourself," grinned Max. "Washing the tablecloth—Mum, make her do it herself, when she's so keen on work."

"Now, children, eat up your vegetables when they're hot," soothed their mother.

" A fellow would be a fool to take a job without pay," continued Max, returning to the old subject. "Wearing out his clothes for nothing—making himself an appetite and getting no money to earn food. What on earth would anyone do that for?" and now

he actually glared across at his sparkling-eyed sister, for now somehow the lad seemed to be defending his own conduct.

"I'll tell you what for," threw back his sister. "To stiffen their back-bones. To keep their muscles from growing flabby. To keep them from turning into jelly-fish instead of men. So that they'll still be men when jobs come back. To keep them from preferring laziness to work. So that they'd keep their self-respect—that's why," and Joan waved a hand dramatically.

"Good for you, kid," laughed her father, who now so seldom laughed.

"Well, just what would be your high-falutin' job?" persisted Max. "Come on, now, Kid, name it—even your gratis one?"

"Oh, lots of them—anything that needs being done. I'd paint my house if I were Bert Campbell, and use up some of my valuable loafing time that way. Dear knows it needs paint badly enough—of all the drab, gray, disreputable buildings! And the Worden mansion is even worse. Would perk up the whole town if a few houses came out in a new coat of white shining paint—or yellow, or——"

"Now, isn' that just like a girl!" ridiculed Max. "Not to realize that paint costs money. And where would the Campbells or Wordens get it with their men out of work?"

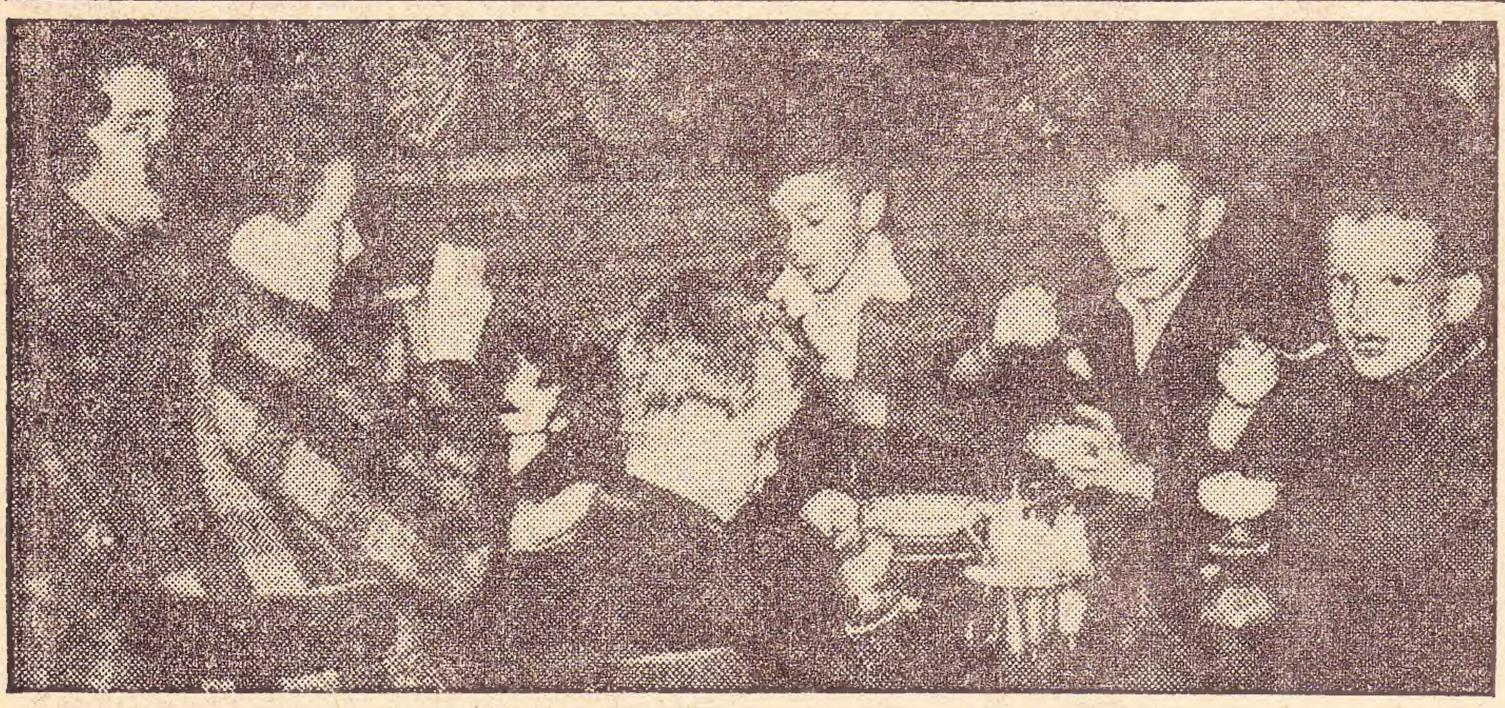
"Well, if I couldn't buy paint I'd whitewash the houses—that wouldn't cost much surely," dashed back Joan, vigorously attacking her bread pudding,—pudding camouflaged plentifully with cinnamon. "But I bet they could raise the price of the paint if they wanted to, were as keen on it as they've got to be with sitting on the Reynold's door-step yarning and gossiping. If I were rich I'd *give* the whole bunch of them paint and ask them to go home and paint their old gray, unpainted houses; but I bet they'd be too lazy to do it—make some excuse."

The family laughed heartily. But Mrs. Bartley remarked, "It certainly would improve the town a lot. And sort of liven people up to see those houses looking decent. Joan's right, I believe just doing some worth-while work like that would give the men a new spirit and—"

"All right, young lady; I'll take you up on your grandiloquent offer," haughtily intervened Max. "You come across with the paint, or the price of it, and I'll see that it goes on those houses —Bert's and the Worden's."

(Please turn to Page 9.)

Guest Children Arrive From Britain



THIS group of bright, wistful-eyed little travellers were photographed in Windsor Station, Montreal, shortly after they arrived by train from an eastern Canadian port. The girls brought their dolls and the boys seem to have brought lots of high spirits with them, judging by the little chap at the extreme left. It's great to know that they will have their share of Canada's big open spaces in which to play and study without the black shadow of war hanging over them.

At the lower left some of the children are having a bite to eat before starting out to their new homes. Many were to stay with relatives or friends who crowded the station platform to welcome them. Many more would soon leave Montreal for other centres. All looked happy and grateful to be here at last, safely, after the days of tension in England and the long, hard trip across the Atlantic.

Conditions in England

THE conditions the children have left at home in England are grim and uncertain with frequent air raids increasing the tension. Many children and grown-ups who have just arrived are very much in need of sleep because not only was the voyage over tiring and exciting, but before they left they had been constantly disturbed by the wild sirens warning them that German bombers soared in the night sky above. But the spirit of the British people rises to meet the emergency. Calmly they speak of what they have already been through, calmly they face the future, many with stouter hearts for knowing that their children may find a safe haven. We quote from a letter recently received from England picturing the attitude of the people.

A Letter From England

. . . We have reeled under many blows of late, but the spirit of the country is very sound and there is not a sound of grumbling which in more peaceful times seems a national hobby. When the real onslaught comes I hope we will all behave like sane people and make no fuss about what we shall have to endure. . . .

We have had a spring and early summer of special radiance. After a long and very severe winter it was like a gift and I think we all look just now with deeper love at our land and all it means to us. We think of the ravaged lands of Europe and know that far worse would be our fate if the savage enemy had their way.

I don't think there is any doubt of our final victory, and I do believe that there was something decent and non-suspicious,—even though very stupid,—in the way we disarmed, hoping for the best and trying to believe in the shallow promises of professional liars.

E. is on duty at the office this week-end. They all take turns in order to deal with fires, etc., should bombs be dropped. He and the rest of the staff were moved to ———. Rather a coincidence, as D. and her hospital were sent away from the East Coast and are on the opposite side of the same road. . . . Give our address to any Canadian boys of your acquaintance. We could (as far as we can see now) offer them both a welcome and a few home comforts. . . .

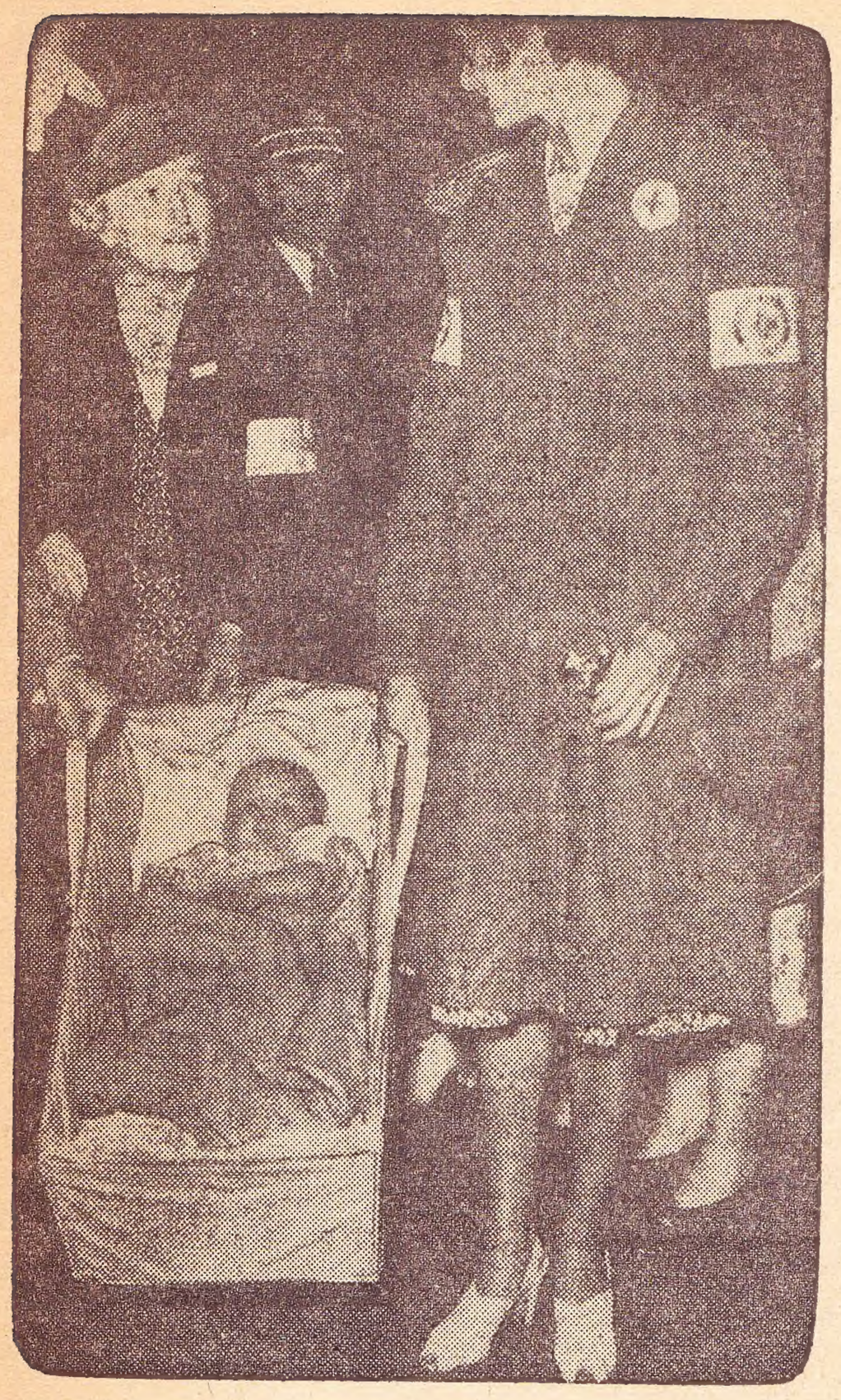
Irish Comment

FROM Southern Ireland comes this letter paying tribute to the faith and courage of England:

"The war is dreadful; one never knows from day to day what will happen. Everyone seems to have let England down badly. She has always been honest and kind to everyone and has sheltered people when no one else would take them in, and I am sure she will be saved from her enemies by a might that is greater than man power. . . . I hope the cloud has a silver lining.

J. K. has been called up again. He has been stationed in the extreme south of the country. His wife is very anxious about her people, her mother and three married sisters who are in the war-zone in Europe. She hasn't heard

(Please turn to Page 5.)



THE HON. MARGUERITE SHAUGHNESSY, Director of Disaster and Relief for the Canadian Red Cross Society, Quebec Provincial Council takes charge of one of the youngest of the new arrivals. (Above)

Great service was done to the many burdened mothers by volunteer workers of the Canadian Red Cross. They came onto the station platforms, meeting all trains, offering their services in the small and yet important things. They held children while mothers searched for baggage; they supplied well lined baskets for the transport of tiny babies who were still to cross Canada. They found porters; they supplied transportation for families who were to stay in Montreal.

THIS C.N.R. CONSTABLE HAD HIS HANDS FULL.

anything about them for quite a long time.

"The Lesson at this morning's service was from the prophet Habakkuk. The minister preached on verses from the second chapter. I think he must have read Berean's Bible Study in the Northern Messenger, as his discourse was almost the same. . ."

Canada Gives War Hospital

THE Canadian Red Cross Hospital in England has been presented fully equipped at the cost of $1,000,000 by the Canadian Red Cross Society. It will be in charge of the Canadian Army Medical Corps in England. The hospital and grounds cover about 22 acres of Lord Astor's estate Cliveden, on ground occupied by a Canadian hut hospital in the last War.

The hospital itself is almost completely hidden by trees on all sides. It is a modern reinforced brick structure. It has fifteen wards, each ward with 32 beds, which could be increased to 50 in an emergency. There is also a wing with accommodation for 60 officers.

Viewed from the outside, where a concrete drive is being laid down, the main building has a graceful entrance porch with white Colonial pillars and the brightly colored arms of Canada overhead. In the flooring of the foyer there is a large Red Cross, and the furniture is of natural Canadian maple in early Colonial designs. The wards are over 100 ft. long, and each has French doors opening on to a sun porch.

The hospital has a fully equipped operating block. There are four operating rooms, two of which have hydraulic operating tables brought from Canada. The theatres have auxiliary portable lights which have a prism to cut out all shadows and can be used even when the usual current is off. There seems to be no limit to the modern scientific instruments that will be here to assist in the work of healing.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

JULY 26, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Wait for the promise of the Father. —Acts 1:4

Mon. : He remembered His holy promise. —Psa. 105:42

Tue. : The promise is to you and to your children.—Acts 2:39

Wed. : Children of promise—Rom. 9:8

Thu. : Promise of eternal life.—Heb. 9:15

Fri. : Having these promises let us cleanse ourselves.—2 Cor. 7:1

Sat. : They could not enter in because of unbelief.—Heb. 3:19

We shall be glad—really glad—of everything that has come to us, no matter if it is sorrow or pain, when we find that our experience fits someone else's need and someone else can build on our lives.

—Maltbie Davenport Babcock, D. D.

The greatest thing in the world is (Christian) kindness.—Drummond.

The mark of the beast is the capital I. The number of the beast is Number One.—C. H. Spurgeon.

The arch-flatterer with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self.—Bacon.

Call to Full Surrender

IF we are to rejoice in God's omniscience, and to receive comfort therefrom, we must put ourselves into the right attitude towards God.

We must surrender ourselves,—body, soul and spirit to Him; our lives must be wholly God-centred.

When this surrender has been made and is being maintained, we derive from our faith in God's omniscience full assurance of guidance, love, and grace.

And, in addition, in proportion to the extent in which our souls are open to His guidance, His wisdom is imparted to us, and we grow in the knowledge and love of God and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, for "Christ is made unto us wisdom."—N.S.W. Presbyterian

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Desire joy and thank God for it. Renounce it, if need be, for others' sake. That's joy beyond joy.—Browning.

TO ONE WHO CAN NOT RETURN

LAD, who tookest wings to fly
Round the broad ways of the sky,
Spiring up till lost to view
In the uttermost fields of blue,
Swooping down with laughing wonder
Past the breeding-grounds of thunder,
Till the shaft Death blindly sped
Penned thee in this narrow bed—
He in Whom we live and move,
Parted never from His love,
He Who, with the dauntless Three,
Trod the fire's red cavity,
And, His faint-heart Twelve to save,
Walked upon the midnight wave,
Surely He was near thee flying,
Shrived and cheered thy lonely dying,
And shall bring thee in His train
When He comes with clouds again.

—*Bishop Burroughs.*

PRAYERS FOR VICTORY

IF THERE is one thing of supreme importance in our reliance upon the Christian faith it is our unalterable belief in the power of prayer.

From childhood up we are faced all our lives with what appears to be the "futility" of prayer, and yet we are not allowed to voice our hidden doubts or to raise, fair and square, the question, Why is it that the prayers we make are not followed by the receipt of the things for which we ask?

The easy and the superficial solution of the problem is that "prayers are answered in some other way," or "prayers are aways asked subject to God's will, and therefore if the prayers are not answered, the prayers were not in harmony with God's will."

This always, from childhood, appeared to me to be not quite honest, and it still appears to me to savour of that casuistry which repels honest, straightforward thinkers.

The dreadful disasters, miseries, agonies, cruelties and horrors connected with the China-Japanese war, for example, sent but few of us to gather together in urgent prayer for the cessation of that war!

And yet, when there is an ominous murmur abroad that if Germany is not mastered we shall get bombs slaughtering our neighbors, our wives, our children and ourselves, we meet in earnest supplication for victory and peace.

If the raiders do come and our cities are destroyed and their inhabitants decimated, will our prayers have been unanswered?

I think the answer should be "yes."

Is, then, prayer useless? The answer is a thousandfold "no."

Wherein, then, is the flaw?

The only answer can be that we have "not prayed."

* * *

PRAYER is a power, and, like all God's powers, is hedged round with laws. There is a science of prayer, which must be learned.

We cannot use even God's gift of electricity without understanding *how* to use it. Much less can we carelessly repeat words and expect majestic results, because we choose to miscall the intolerance of sounds in unison or harmony by the name of prayer.

The essence of prayer is unselfishness. Jesus, in dying, prayed for His enemies.

If, therefore, we meet to ask God to save *us* or our *relatives* from the horrors of war, we are doing good, but we are not utilizing the mystic potency of prayer.

The curse of war is not upon the victims, but on the perpetrators of war.

"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God—for though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality."

Just as Jesus went down into Hell to pray for the delivery of the lost souls, so must those who would take up that great mystic weapon of prayer and use it for the benefit of mankind meet and pray for the salvation of Hitler, Goering, Goebbels and Mussolini, and all that sad crew who are possessed of devils, that they may be freed from the torment of their demoniacal possessions and be set on the pathway of peace and salvation.—Josiah Oldfield.

Young People's Bible Reading

"Blessed is the Man—"

for Sunday
Aug. 2, 1940.
Psalm 19.

by BEREAN

KING DAVID was a minstrel and a poet as well as a warrior. I am sure that often when as a boy he minded his sheep among the hills he sang from the joy in his heart. He played and sang to soothe King Saul in his "dark hour". (1 Sam. 16:15-23) When he marched with his men or sat with them by the camp fire, I can imagine him leading them in song.

We have his touching lament over Saul and Jonathan (2 Sam. 1:17-27) and his grand thanksgiving to God for His guidance and protection (2 Sam. 22) He took great interest in arranging for the musical services of the temple. (1 Chron. 22)

Above all we largely owe the Book of Psalms to his religious and poetic genius. We sometimes refer to the whole Book of Psalms as the "Psalms of David" just as we speak of the Book of Proverbs as the "Proverbs of Solomon." When we look through the books we find that there were other authors as well.

We can think of David as writing a good many of the Psalms. His "Hymn Book" would be used in the Temple. Then as the years went by other Psalms were added to the collection and different editions published. The R.V. follows an ancient Jewish tradition in dividing the Psalter into five books (1-41, 42-72, 73-89, 90-106, 107-150) each book ending with a doxology. The Book in Hebrew is called Tehillim, "Praises." Our name Psalms signifies "Songs accompanied by stringed instruments," from the Greek "psalterion—a harp," just as in English "Harp" is sometimes used for a collection of hymns.

You will find strange Hebrew words at the head of some of the Psalms. These are interesting, "On Neginoth" means "Upon stringed instruments"; "Upon Nehiloth" means "With wind instruments"; "Upon Gittith" refers to some instrument borrowed from Gath of the Philistines. "Alamoth" and "Sheminith" probably are musical notations indicating the pitch.

Other headings tell of tunes to which these psalms have been set, "Aljeleth Shabar" (Psa. 22) means "The Hind of the Morning." Some song well known at the time the Psalm was published.

The word "Selah" which frequently occurs in the Psalms is probably a musical note, perhaps indicating a "pause." The Septuagint translates it "interlude"; or it may be derived from a root meaning to "lift up." We pass it over when we are reading the Psalm aloud.

David's life and history, as written in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best.—Thomas Carlyle.

* * *

Happy are they who turning in their weariness to the Psalter find that its words wrap them round like a folding sense which gives them peace. . . . For every recorded incident there are millions of cases, unknown beyond the secret chambers of the heart, in which the Psalms have restored the faith, lifted the despair, revived the hopes, steeled the courage, bound up the wounds of the struggling, suffering hosts of humanity.—Rowland E. Prothero.

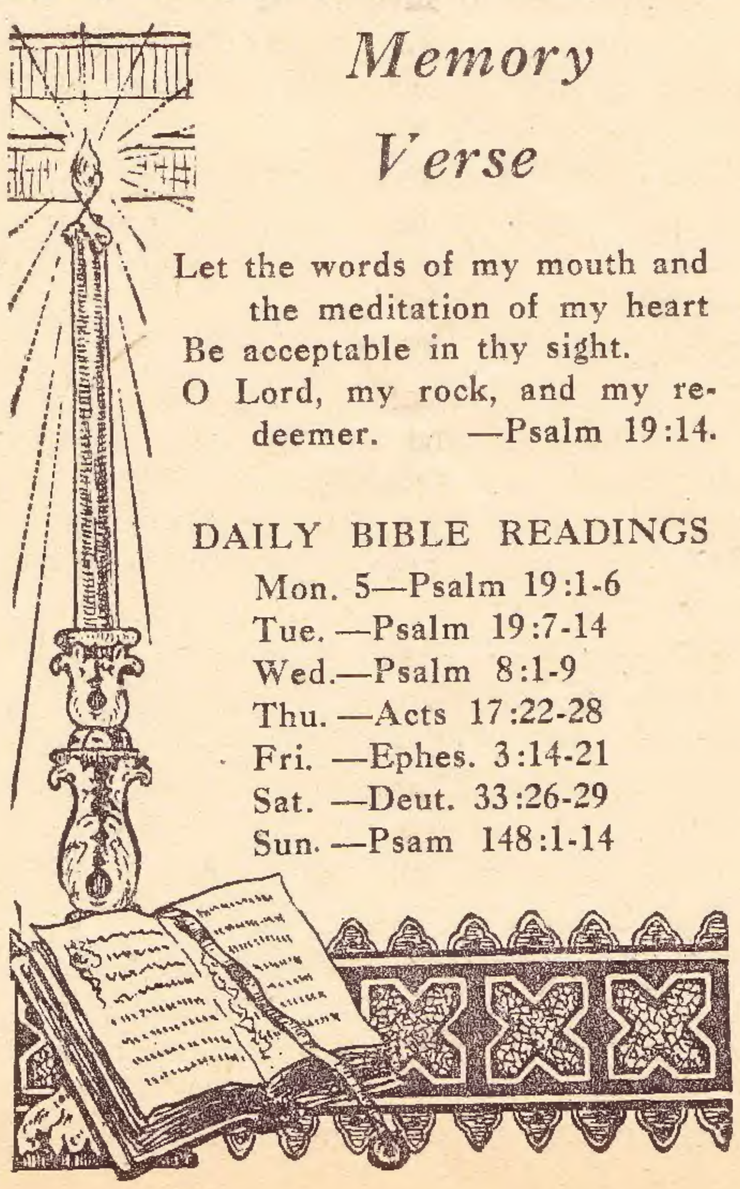
Some of the Psalms are "Acrostic Psalms." In the 119th, each verse of the first section (1-8) begins with the first letter in the Hebrew alphabet, "Aleph." In the second section each verse begins with "Beth" and so on.

There are Morning Hymns, Evening Hymns, National Hymns, Festal Hymns, Wedding Hymns, Anthems of Defeat and of Victory, Songs of Exile, Songs of Restoration, Personal Meditations and others.

The singing in the Temple Services was apparently antiphonal, sometimes one division of the choir answering another, sometimes the choir singing the verse and the people answering in a refrain.

There are some psalms, "imprecatory" psalms, which we would not like to use in Christian worship. They were written before people had learned to separate the hatred of "wrongdoing" from hatred of the "wrongdoer." If we could hate "wrong doing" as fiercely as David sometimes hated his enemies, it wouldn't be a bad thing for the world.

The Psalms are wonderful in their diversity, but there is a wonderful unity running through them. There is logic in their arrangement. My mother used to point out that many of the earlier psalms are filled with the happiness and confidence of youth; later we find the writers almost overwhelmed by the troubles of life, but the book ends with psalms of unclouded praise.



Memory Verse

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart Be acceptable in thy sight. O Lord, my rock, and my redeemer. —Psalm 19:14.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon. 5—Psalm 19:1-6
Tue. —Psalm 19:7-14
Wed.—Psalm 8:1-9
Thu. —Acts 17:22-28
Fri. —Ephes. 3:14-21
Sat. —Deut. 33:26-29
Sun. —Psam 148:1-14

"By the Rivers of Water"

THE great subject of the Psalms as of the Proverbs and indeed of all the Bible is the eternal warfare between good and evil.

The First Psalm, like the 1st chapter of Proverbs, is a sort of "overture" or introduction to the whole book.

Blessed—"happy" (R.M.) "The first of the old Testament beatitudes." (Dummelow)

Note the gradual progression, "walketh, standeth, sitteth," and the three classes of evil doers, the "ungodly, (wicked R.V.), sinners, scornful." The The evil way is a gradual descent. There is danger in dallying with evil.

Meditate.—The word carries the idea of singing over and over in a low tone. We find the same thought and the same word in Josh. 1:8.

This does not mean that we are always to be consciously thinking of the Bible. It means that our lives are to be directed by its spirit, that we must always trust God and do our duty.

And he shall be—"Better 'for he becomes', that is in consequence of his constant study of God's law." (Dummelow)

The man who loves the Bible and its teachings strikes his roots deep. It is historically true that the Bible is "the secret of England's greatness." We are

(Please turn to Page 8.)

For Christ and the King

OVER four hundred years ago, in 1534, two small sailing ships of less than a hundred tons, manned by a total crew of sixty-one hardy sailors from the port of St. Malo, France, and commanded by Jacques Cartier, driven by a fierce storm, took refuge in an unknown but very welcome bay.

The bay where the gallant Frenchmen landed was the Bay of Gaspe, at the extremity of the Peninsula, where now stands the pretty village of Gaspe.

Cartier and his men felled several large trees and erected a thirty-foot cross upon which they attached a shield bearing the glorious fleur de lys of France and the inscription "Vive le Roi."

And the St. Malo navigator, discoverer of Canada, in a simple but momentous ceremony, took possession of the newly-discovered land for "Christ and the King."

All These are Water Drinkers

Gertrude Ederle, the Channel swimmer.

Susanne Lenglen, the tennis player.

Tilden, tennis player.

Sutcliffe, Hobbs, cricketers.

Liddell, the runner.

Vernon, the Bisley crack shot.

Those who want to keep absolutely fit must stick to the drinks Nature gives us, and be content with fresh milk or pure water.—The Indian Temperance News

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Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labour with smiling. . . . As the sun lightens the world, so let our loving kindness make light the house of our habitation.—R. L. Stevenson.

"BLESSED IS THE MAN—"

(Continued from Page 7.)

the poorer today from our neglect of Bible study.

Like a tree.—See Jer. 17:7, 8. Trees are beautiful, they give shade, they temper the heat of the sun, they are a protection against harsh winds, they attract the rainfall and enrich the soil. They do this because their roots take in life from deep below the surface. The The same wide-spreading roots enable them to stand firm when the tempest rages. The good man whose life is rooted in God is "like a tree". He will be useful in the world and he will stand firm in trouble..

"And look, whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper." (Old Version) See Psalms 37 and 112. If, as with Job, misfortunes come, the good man will still "prosper" for then he is driven close to God.

Contrasted with the good man "deep rooted" in God is the wicked who is "like chaff which the wind driveth away."

The threshing floor was usually on high ground. When the good grain was beaten out the light chaff would be blown off by the wind. The simile would come with great force to grain-growing people. The wicked may seem for a while to triumph but finally his power is "blown away."

The judgement.—Not only the final "Judgment" but every time of testing.

Congregation.—"The faithful people of Israel." (Dummelow)

Foundations

WE turn to our New Testament selection and we find the same truth, the strength and permanence of goodness and the transitoriness of evil.

Our Lord is concluding His Sermon on the Mount. His twelve friends, many other disciples and a great crowd of people have listened to His words. Now before the congregation breaks up He warns them that listening is not enough. He uses a telling metaphor. "There are hardly any rivers in Palestine except the Jordan, but there are many water-courses or winter-torrents. These are mostly quite dry in the summer (Job 6:15-18) but in the winter are full of muddy torrent-water, which descends with great violence, and often overflows its banks. The foolish man in the parable had built his house either in or close by the channel of one of these 'wadys' without thought of the winter rains." (Dummelow)

One builder "chose the brown alluvial flat which is near the stream in summer, the other preferred the rock on higher ground." (Box)

It is easier to lay a foundation in the sand than on the rock, but the easiest way is not always the best way.

Compare the parallel passage in St. Luke. (6:46-49) There are slight verbal differences, but they are not contradictory.

Moffatt in his translation uses "sensible" for "wise" and "stupid" for "foolish." His use of everyday English comes out well in v. 27. "The rain came down, the floods rose, the winds blew and beat upon that house, and down it fell—with a mighty crash."

Good and Bad Building

"OUR Lord makes an immense personal claim in this verse ('Every one that heareth and doeth these words of mine')" (Box)

A carpenter in those days was also a builder. Our Lord knew the difference between a good foundation and a poor one. There were builders in his day as in ours who skimped their work. We may be sure that it could always be said of His work as was said of the work of the Creator at the beginning, "behold it was very good." (Gen. 1:3)

See what our Lord says elsewhere about building (Matt. 16:18; 21:42; Luke 14:28, 29)

These sayings of mine.—That is His words in the preceding Sermon. How much more secure our world would be today if men and nations had built upon this foundation. (1 Cor. 3:11, 12)

The Book of Ecclesiasticus in the Apocrypha makes picturesque use of the "building" metaphor: "Timber girt and bound into a building shall not be loosed with shaking: so a heart established in due season on well advised counsel shall not be afraid. A heart settled upon a thoughtful understanding is an ornament of plaister on a polished wall. Pales (a wooden fence) set on a high place will not stand against the wind: so a fearful heart in the imagination of a fool will not stand against any fear."

Note that our Lord, like the Psalmist, stresses the importance of the good life. It is in "doing these things" that the man lays his founation on the rock. Are we to regard the Sermon on the Mount as a new set of Commandments much more difficult than the Law of Moses? How are we to translate it into action? Some of the sayings about non-resistance, for instance, seem impossible in a world such as ours. These things are a real problem to many people. The answer is only to be found as we try to live close to God. As we "abide in Him" we shall learn to know Him and shall become sensitive to His leading. We are to use the intelligence that He has given us. But above and around, enlgihtening, enlarging and transforming that intelligence comes the leading and help of God's Holy Spirit.

"O God, forasmuch as without Thee we are not able to please Thee: Mercifully grant that Thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Questions

1. Who wrote the Psalms?
2. What does "Blessed" mean?
3. How are we to "meditate in God's law day and night"?
4. How will a good man be "like a tree"?
5. How are the wicked "like chaff"?
6. What foundation did the "sensible" builder use for his house?
7. What did the "stupid" builder use?
8. Did our Lord know about building?
9. "For the Lord knoweth—" Complete the verse.

(For Answers, Please turn to Page 12.)

Red, White and Blue Stars

By Sir Frank Dyson, F.R.S.

(Concluded.)

THE stars are of different colors. Some are yellow, like the Sun; others red; others white. The colors indicate the temperature of the star near its surface. The red stars show a temperature of 3,500 degrees centigrade: yellow stars of about 6,000 degrees centigrade; white ones of about 12,000 degrees centigrade, and some are even hotter. But like the Sun, the temperature increases to an enormous extent towards the centre, to millions of degrees. This high temperature is necessary to give the gas sufficient elasticity to support the enormous pressure. We do not know exactly how this high temperature is maintained, but radio-activity has shown that there is a great store of energy inside the atoms of matter. These are gradually depleted and the stars are thus able to maintain for millions of years a constant outflow of energy in the form of heat and light, accompanied by a gradual small diminution of mass.

Globes of Hot Gas

THE stars, then, are great globes of gas at very high temperatures. Their order of evolution is thought to be of this nature. We see them first as giant, red stars, of enormous bulk —of say 100 times the radius of the Sun and therefore a million times its volume—in a state of such great tenuity that the total mass is not more than 10 times that of the Sun.

A red star gradually contracts and its surface temperature increases till it reaches a maximum in a white or blue star. The contraction continues but now the temperature falls, going through corresponding stages of yellow and red. The mass has diminished through the outpouring of energy, so that when the star reaches the dwarf, red stage, its mass is considerably less than that of the Sun.

A great number of facts support this theory. For example, the immense diameter of the giant red stars has been verified by observation. How the giant red stars came into existence we do not know. Presumably the dwarfs will diminish till they are no longer visible.

The stars are all in rapid motion in all manner of directions as seen from the Sun. This was first discovered by their angular movement across the face of the sky. It has been confirmed and extended by the determination of their movements towards or away from us. Sir William Herschel noticed that these movements were not altogether at random, but showed a tendency to move away from the constellation Hercules. This has been amply confirmed and the velocity determined as 12 miles a second.

On the Milky Way

HERSCHEL with his great telescopes made gauges of the number of stars in different directions and found that the number increased greatly as the plane of the Milky Way was approached. He concluded that the stars around us extended much farther in the plane of the Milky Way than in the perpendicular direction.

The system of stars to which we belong is shaped like a watch. From modern observations we conclude that the diameter of the galaxy is 90,000 light years, and its thickness about a quarter of that figure.

In recent years a great deal of attention has been given by astronomers to the construction of the galaxy. The question is complicated, but the results are conclusive. The Sun is situated about 30,000 light years from the centre, and 15,000 light years from the extreme edge. It is rotating about the centre of the galaxy and takes about 250 million years to complete the circuit, although it is moving with the immense velocity of 175 miles a second. The stars nearer the centre are moving faster, and those further away more slowly. The total mass of all the stars is of the order 150,000 million Suns.

So much for the Milky Way.

But this is not the end of the story. There are millions of "island universes" similar to it, and the largest telescopes can see no end to them.

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THEY REMEMBERED ME

To know if they remembered me,
I sought from town the old, wild sea,
The quiet hills, the dells, the wealds,
The sweet and yellow harvest fields;

The honeysuckle in the hedges,
The rushes and the river sedges,
The harebells and the mushroom rings;
Deep in the woods all ferny things.

They knew me still; I heard them saying
"So you, too, come a-holidaying!"
And wild rose reached her tangled strands
To touch me with her flower-sweet hands.

—Marjorie Wilson.

WANTED— A JOB

(Continued from Page 3.)

"That's all right with me—I'll produce the paint," carelessly responded the girl.

"Easy, Joan," interposed her father—"paint costs money. I didn't know you had any."

"I haven't. But that does not mean that I can't get it. I'm not turning into a spineless jelly-fish if the men of this town are. I'll buy the paint for those two houses. So round up your crew, Max, for—say, next week."

* * *

AS soon as the dinner dishes were washed and put away Joan rushed across to confer with her chum, Aileen, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Jim Whelpley, the carpenter of the town. Aileen was the exact opposite of Joan; fat, slow-moving, usually following the line of least resistance; though she always acquiesced with all of Joan's suggestions, a blind worshipper at the shrine of the sparkling-eyed Joan.

"I've let myself in for something—awful," giggled Joan. "Come out till I tell you."

Off sped the two to the seat under the old elm.

Joan told her "paint" story, ending it with,

"Would you help me pick strawberries—to sell?"

"If you want me to. But I hate doing it and so do you. And for—for two big hulking men."

Joan went into details of the motives that were prompting her. So, soon the two worked themselves up—under the spell of Joan's persuasion, into a regular Joan-of-Arc ardor. Joan clinched Aileen's services by suggesting,

"Suppose we go right away and take a lunch along. I'll ask your mother before we go if she'll buy the berries you pick for supper, for fifteen cents. And you run over right now and ask my mother to buy mine for the same price."

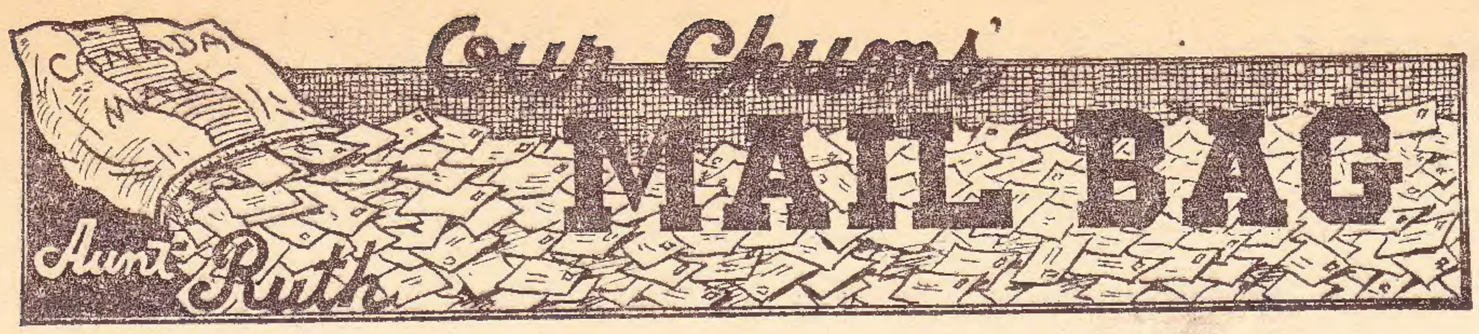
So, just as the loungers on the Reynolds' platform—including Max, had gathered for their late afternoon session, the two girls, carrying their pitchers full of strawberries, walked slowly past, heads held very high, Joan muttering cynically to Aileen,

"All right, men, don't exert yourselves—we'll paint your houses!"

"The price of a pint of paint!" announced the weary pair, as they nevertheless made a somewhat triumphal entry into the Bartley kitchen.

The next afternoon they followed the same program, this time selling their berries to the minister's wife. Fortunately, Max and his father were both at home that night—Saturday,—when Joan made a somewhat languid entry, jingling her thirty cents, and depositing

(Please turn to Page 11.)



DEAR CHUMS,—

There has been an excellent increase in letter-writing this past week and while not an outstanding number have responded to the suggestion of writing on "What Dominion Day Means to Me", still the letters which have been received are very interesting. Badges are on the way to the writers of these letters and I'm sure you will be surprised and thrilled when you see them. They're in the shape of a Maple Leaf, autumn-tinted, with "Canada" emblazoned across them in gold. The contest comes to a close at the end of the month, July 31st, so after this issue you have only four more days in which to get your letter off, but you can do it in that time if you try. Just write out your thoughts on "What Dominion Day Means to Me" and mail it on or before the 31st of July, and you may be the possessor of one of these fine badges, besides having your letter printed in the Northern Messenger.

And just before saying goodbye this week I would like to say one word about our Overseas Guests, the boys and girls who have recently arrived in Canada from Great Britain. We are tremendously glad to have them here and are anxious to do whatever we can to help them, if it's only in telling people about their coming and how much it means to us. Some of our most interesting Chum letters have come from England and Scotland. Would it not be fun if some of these visitors could become readers of the Messenger and contributors to the Chums Mail Bag? So on behalf of the Chums and the Editors of the Chums' Page we say, Welcome to our overseas friends!

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—Here comes an old reader of your page who has decided to write at last. I am 14 years old and my birthday is Oct.14th have I a twin? If I have will you please write? I promise to answer you.

Last spring while I was spending my Easter holidays with a friend in Edmonton we went to see the Parliment buildings. My mother, who had business to attend to, turned us over to the floorman. He was a big stout man with a jolly face and blue uniform. First of all he showed us all the different flags of the British Empire and were there a lot! After that we saw all kinds of prize grains grown in Alberta and the pictures of the producers.

Then we went to see the museum. There were all kinds of animals and birds in it including a white crow. I saw a lot of birds I had always wanted to see closely before. Everything was exactly life size. Next we saw the room where all the business is done. It had a red plush carpet with a pattern of crowns all over it. There were rows of seats on either side of the room facing each other with big pictures of the late King George V. and the Queen Mother hanging on the walls. We went next to the dome and to get to it we had to climb up a narrow stairs lighted by an electric light, they were covered with dust. When we got there the dome was quite large with windows all the way around.

After a while we went down and there was my mother waiting. She said we had been gone two hours and it seemed like ten minutes. Hoping to hear from a twin or anyone else who cares to write.—Olive Agnes Veness, Alberta.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to your Mail Bag, I am ten years old. I go to school and am in grade five. I have two sisters and one brother. My sisters are twins they are twelve years old. Their names are Hazel and Roberta. My brother is six years old. His name is Neil. There are some beautiful falls coming down the mountains near my home. Lots of people stop to see them. I have two little calves for pets on our farm. Mother is preserving cherries to-day. There are tons of cherries in the Frazer Valley.

We get the Northern Messenger from our Sunday school teachers Mr. and Mrs. Bryant.. We like them very much.

We have not had any rain for three weeks and the grass is getting dry and brown. Goodbye for now. Your new Chum—Peggy Munro

P.S.—I would like some of the Chums to write to me. P. M.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I am a girl eleven years of age. I have dark brown hair and eyes. I am in Grade V. at school and have one brother. I like roller skating, swimming, and hiking. I belong to the 20th Company Girl Guides of Hamilton. I have a pet Boston bull dog named Buddy. We have a Junior Red Cross in our class and we hold our meetings every two weeks. If I have a pen-pal or twin, will you please write me? Yours truly, —Bette Alderson, Ont.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—Won't you help me find some Pen Pals? I am a thirteen year old girl with dark brown wavy hair and deep blue eyes. I weigh 112 lbs. and am 5ft. 5inches tall. my birthday is on the 29th. of December (Not far from being a Christmas present.)

I am a farmerette who loves to cycle-swim, ride horse back, write letters, read and play all kinds of games.

I love music. I can play a mouth organ and piano and hope to soon take violin lessons. I sing alto in the choir in our church which is very small.

Maybe some of you girls would be interested to know I have five handsome looking brothers older than myself and also one sister.

Well, haven't I influenced some of you to write me? I will try to answer all letters received. Will you consider me a new chum. If so, Your loving Chum—Mary Watts.

A man on the island of Man
Said, "Can I cook crabs in a can?"
He made a quick grab
At a very big crab,
But he found the crab grabbed—so he ran.

* *

This Month's Prize Winner

OLIVE VENESS

Honorable Mention

ETHEL VARNAY

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

OLIVE VENESS

Honorable Mention

PEGGY MUNRO

* *

Cicely's Strawberries

(For Very Small People)

AUNT MAUD was taking Susan and Cicely for a picnic in the Dell Woods, and the girls were very excited. They helped their aunt to pack the basket, and Susan picked a lettuce which she had grown in her very own garden.

"I grew it all myself," she said proudly.

"How splendid!" said Aunt Maud, "It will be lovely with ham sandwiches."

Cicely wished she could have brought something of her very own, but she had nothing but nasturtiums in her garden.

They set off for the woods, and soon found a pretty spot by a little stream. They played hide-and-seek and touch-wood; but Susan was so anxious for lunch-time and her lettuce that she kept asking Aunt Maud the time.

"It won't be very much longer," laughed their aunt. "Suppose you both go and see if you find some flowers to put on the table, and then we'll lay the cloth!"

"Oh yes!" they cried.

"But don't go too far away," said their aunt.

Susan ran off and left Cicely by herself. She searched round, but only found some little white starry flowers thhat drooped almost as soon as she gathered them. Then her eye caught something red near a bush. She ran to it and to her suprise found a large patc of wild strawberries, red and ripe.

"I must get some of those for our picnic," she thought, and put down her flowers to look for a big leaf to carry the strawberries in. She found one and quickly filled it with the little red berries. Though she heard Aunt Maud calling, she felt she must pick a few more so that there would be enough for them all.

When Aunt Maud called again she ran back and found her and Susan searching through the picnic basket.

"Oh Cicley!" cried her aunt as she came up. "I've stupidly forgotten to bring anything to open this tin of peaches! Here's the cream but there is nothing to eat with it!"

"Look what I've got!" said Cicely proudly, showing her find.

"Strawberries!" cried Susan.

"How lovely!" cried their aunt. "Who wants tinned peaches now? Wild strawberries and cream! Cicely, you are a darling!"

"Now we've both brought something for the picnic," said Cicely, very pleased.—The Children's Newspaper.

WANTED— A JOB

(Continued from Page 9.)

it with the other thirty, in the silver mug of her childhood and announcing,

"There goes the second pint of paint for Bert's house!"

But the family noticed that she went to bed very early that night and slept late the next morning.

"She's had enough of berry picking," grumbled her father.

"She's not done yet," laughed her mother. "I know Joan."

On Monday morning Joan rushed breathlessly into the house, calling out in great excitement,

"Say, mother, Aileen is going to Moncton with her father in the truck. May I go along—he's going for lumber? We want to buy the paint."

"What next?" protested the mild-faced Mrs. Bartley; but, after a little discussion, gave her consent. "Well, go to my cousin's to dinner—to Myrtle's and Kate's. And take them a bottle of that new strawberry and rhubarb jam I've just made."

Myrtle and Kate Sinclair were "girls with money", unmarried and still spoken of by their relatives as "girls", though both in their forties.

To rid themselves of their bottle of preserve Joan and Aileen went at once on reaching Moncton to the home of the cousins.

"For pity's sake where did you two drop from?" greeted the cousins in surprise, just about to start on a motor trip for the day.

"We came to buy paint," announced Joan proudly.

"Painting your house?" questioned Kate in surprise. "I thought your father was out of work."

So Joan up and told the whole story —her ambitious program for painting up the town, but more particularly for keeping up the morale of the men of the town who were out of work—though Joan, of course, expressed this in somewhat crisper language.

Myrtle and Kate roared with laughter at the end of Joan's sparkling account.

"I never heard anything so funny in my life," tittered Myrtle.

"Funny? Why I think it's grand—simply grand of Joan to have so much pep, and to try and impart pep into those rapidly developing loafers," enthused the more sympathetic Kate.

"Anything we can do to help?"

Joan, like the great little diplomat she was, leaped to the offer.

"Oh, if you could only suggest some way to earn the rest of the paint money —I'm so sick of picking berries; besides, they're about done."

"Maybe I can," laughed Kate and backed out of the room, beckoning to her sister.

(To Be Concluded.)

Television and the Weather

SOME day television may play an important part in forecasting the weather. One of those American weather men who have done so much to widen our knowledge of the air currents which produce weather changes predicts what television fifty years from now may do for the forecaster.

In that future day television instruments, improved beyond present knowledge, will enable him to sit in his room at the meteorological office and see what the sky looks like at a thousand different places.

He will be able to read the records of robot instruments set up on mountain tops, or carried into the upper air by planes, or balloons, or even rockets.

All this knowledge will come to him in the hour when he is making up the maps of the world's weather. These maps will not be on the flat in two dimensions, as at present, but in three, showing the state of the atmosphere aloft as well as on the ground.

These weather maps of the end of the century (or before) will enable forecasts to be made, not for a day or two, but for weeks ahead, and will be sent at once to the farmer in the field, or the pilot on the ships of ocean and of air.—Selected.

The story has been told of a certain nobleman who went to a chapel to pray. As he knelt at the altar, a beggar stole to his side and knelt beside him. The chaplain was very much distressed and whispered to the beggar, "Don't you know that is the prime minister? Get out!" The nobleman looked up and said, "Sir, we are all equal, for at the foot of the cross the ground is level."

Answer to Fear of all Kinds

"A secret that we all need to know these days; it's a witness that counts."

Perth, Scotland, June 27.

Dear Editors,—I am living just outside the town, and we have let part of the house to an officer and his family. Ever since they came, I have been conscious of a feeling of social inferiority towards them, and my natural inclination has been just to leave them alone, for fear of rebuffs. This, of course, was just sin, and one of the sins that we as a country have to be released from, if we are to become the united, fear-free country God intends us to be. So I have been praying that in me, at least, these class barriers would be wiped out by love. And most days God has shown me definite ways to show our tenants friendship, and so do my part to build up a united "home front." Constantly I found my fears were unfounded, and that they were as ready for friendship as I was.

* * *

BUT I really wanted to tell you about a "crowded hour of glorious life" early yesterday morning. It showed me, once more, how God so often turns things upside down and can transform terror into opportunity.

About 1 a.m. I heard a plane circling about overhead, high above the clouds. There was something disturbing about the way it hovered, instead of flying right past, and I stayed awake wondering if it *could* be one of our own planes. Suddenly there was a loud rushing noise, apparently just outside the windows, and then several tremendous explosions. I am naturally timid, but don't remember being afraid,—only a swift turning to God—"What shall I do?"

Guidance came clearly, instantly—what to wear, what to snatch up, to fly downstairs and see if the others were safe. All was well—but brilliant light was pouring in through the windows. In the grounds, everywhere, incendiary bombs were blazing, some quite near the house, and the gardener's cottage seemed to be on fire. Guidance came again, "Run down and help." Again, God was in charge and there was no time for fear. However, the blaze was outside the cottage, and soon we were hard at it, pouring earth on the fires. Not a particle of damage was done anywhere, although four high explosives had made big craters in the fields near by, and about 20 incendiaries were sprinkled over the grounds all round us, just where they could do no harm. Nothing was dropped anywhere else except round us! Who could doubt that God had looked after us?

THROUGH it all, God kept me from fear, and it helped the others. And during the day that followed He has used me to help others find the answer to fear—a secret that we all need to know these days. It's a witness that counts so much more, and helps so much more, when it comes from someone who is not naturally brave!

Through all the excitement I was very conscious that God was creating something. He was creating that very fellowship that I had been praying for, between me and the others in the house. We were all aware of a real sense of comradeship, and even of fun together, as we put out fires and then drank tea in the dark afterwards! We captured something in that wild hour together that we shall not lose again, and which God will use as part of His plan for building new nations. Yours in His Fellowship,—Isa McArthur.

Infantile Paralysis Advice

Here are three rules regarding infantile paralysis:

1. Do not be unduly afraid of infantile paralysis.
2. The epidemic season is July to October; during these months watch your children for neck stiffness, headache, lumbar pain, prostration, affections of the throat, stomach upsets or any other unusual symptoms. On the appearance of any of these,, call your doctor.
3. Place your confidence in your family physician and follow his advice.

"Success usually comes to those who are too busy to look for it."

"The sun will shine after every storm; there is a solution for every problem, and the soul's highest duty is to be of good cheer."

What is claimed to be "the oldest windmill in America," an ancient landmark standing in a field at West Yarmouth, Massachusetts, and built by the Pilgrims some 300 years ago, has been sold to Henry Ford, for shipment to his museum at Dearborn, Michigan. The sale brought sharp protest from residents of Cape Cod, for it was visited annually by thousands of summer tourists.—Ex.

Hundreds of motorists pass daily over a unique "double-decker" bridge in a lane at Southall, England, without realizing that it is one of Brunel's masterpieces, constructed in 1857. A canal passes over the railway and the road over the canal.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. King David and other writers.
2. Happy.
3. We are to direct our lives by its spirit, to trust God and do what is right.
4. His life will be "deep rooted" in God and he will be useful in the world.
5. Because finally their power is "blown away."
6. The rock.
7. The sand.
8. Yes. Carpenters were also Builders.
9. Psalm1:6.

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Keep your WITS WORKING

READ THIS

Cap 10 bbbb sailed his cccc to the west in D's and fed them on pot ooooooooo. (Write out this sentence.)

RIDDLES OLD AND NEW

1. Why are carpenters likely to doubt whether there is such a thing as stone?
2. Why should radio sopranos be popular in summer?
3. Why is Tweedledee more easily spelt than Tweedledum?
4. When is soup likely to run out of the saucepan?
5. Why are pen manufacturers very wicked?
6. Why is an author a very strange animal?

TANGLED LAKES

1. Beat rager. 2. Eat leg vars. 3. Reir. 4. Rio se pur. 5. Ran to oi. 6. Nip win ge.

NATURE QUESTIONS

1. Do Green Parrots raise their young while in captivity?
2. How many kinds of fishes are known to make nests for the eggs of their young?
3. How large is the brain cavity of a crocodile?
4. How much liquid can be held in the pouch of a Pelican at one time?
5. Does the milk of a reindeer contain more or less fat than that of a domestic cow?
6. How can one approximate the age of a fish by examining its scales?
7. What length of time is required for incubation of the Penguin's egg?
8. What bird provides warmth for its egg during incubation by holding it between feet and belly?
9. Approximately how many kinds of scorpions are known?

—Helen E. Ruyle, in Madison Cooper's Garden Magazine.

(Answers will be published Next Week.)

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

Take one from nineteen and leave twenty.

A visiting speaker to an orphan's home was called upon to address the children. Thinking to be facetious, he asked this question: "What would you do before so many bright boys and girls who expected a speech from you, if you had nothing to say?"

A small boy spoke up: "I'd keep quiet."

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—Emerson.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Hidden Bible Characters—Eli; Nabal; Titus; Merab; Shem; Esther; Peter; Ruth.

Birds.—Nuthatch.

Riddles

1. Adam; because he was first in the human race. 2. Ten-ants. 3. C (sea). 4. Twelve-fifty; because it's ten to one if you catch it. 5. Don't touch me or I'll scream. 6. Because he knew he was a good "feller". 7. Because it is farthest from the "bark." 8. Noise. 9. It comes in the middle of 'Day'.

STRICTLY SPEAKING

A youngster had been permitted to visit a boy friend on the strict condition that he was to leave there at five o'clock. He did not arrive home till seven o'clock and his mother was very angry. The youngster insisted, however, that he had obeyed her orders and had not lingered unnecessarily on the way.

"Do you expect me to believe," said his mother, "that it took you two hours to walk a quarter of a mile?" She reached for a slipper, "Now, sir, will you tell me the truth?"

"Ye-es, mamma," sobbed the boy; "Charlie Wilson gave me a tortoise and I was afraid—to carry it—so I led it home."—The Epworth Herald.

LIFE OF ADVENTURE

(Continued from Page 2.)

Could the mysterious creature have crawled out of the shack and be stealing up on them through the dense concealing undergrowth, while their attention was fixed on the deserted cabin? They cast apprehensive glances over their shoulders, back of them, then again to the cabin, and shivered. Ben's father looked at his watch. "Five minutes are enough," he whispered. "I'll go ahead and see who's there. You boys stay where you are."

Ben's heart seemed to stand still as he watched his father step briskly across the clearing. Whoever was hiding in the shack must be desperate, he felt sure, and held his breath expecting the report of a gun from the dark window. His father stooped and went in the low door. Not a sound followed. Three cheers, thought Ben; that fellow must have made his escape while we were going to the village. But, no,—horrors!—the pale face peered stealthily from the window, a second only and then back out of sight! A moment of silence before a call came, "Come on, boys, I have him."

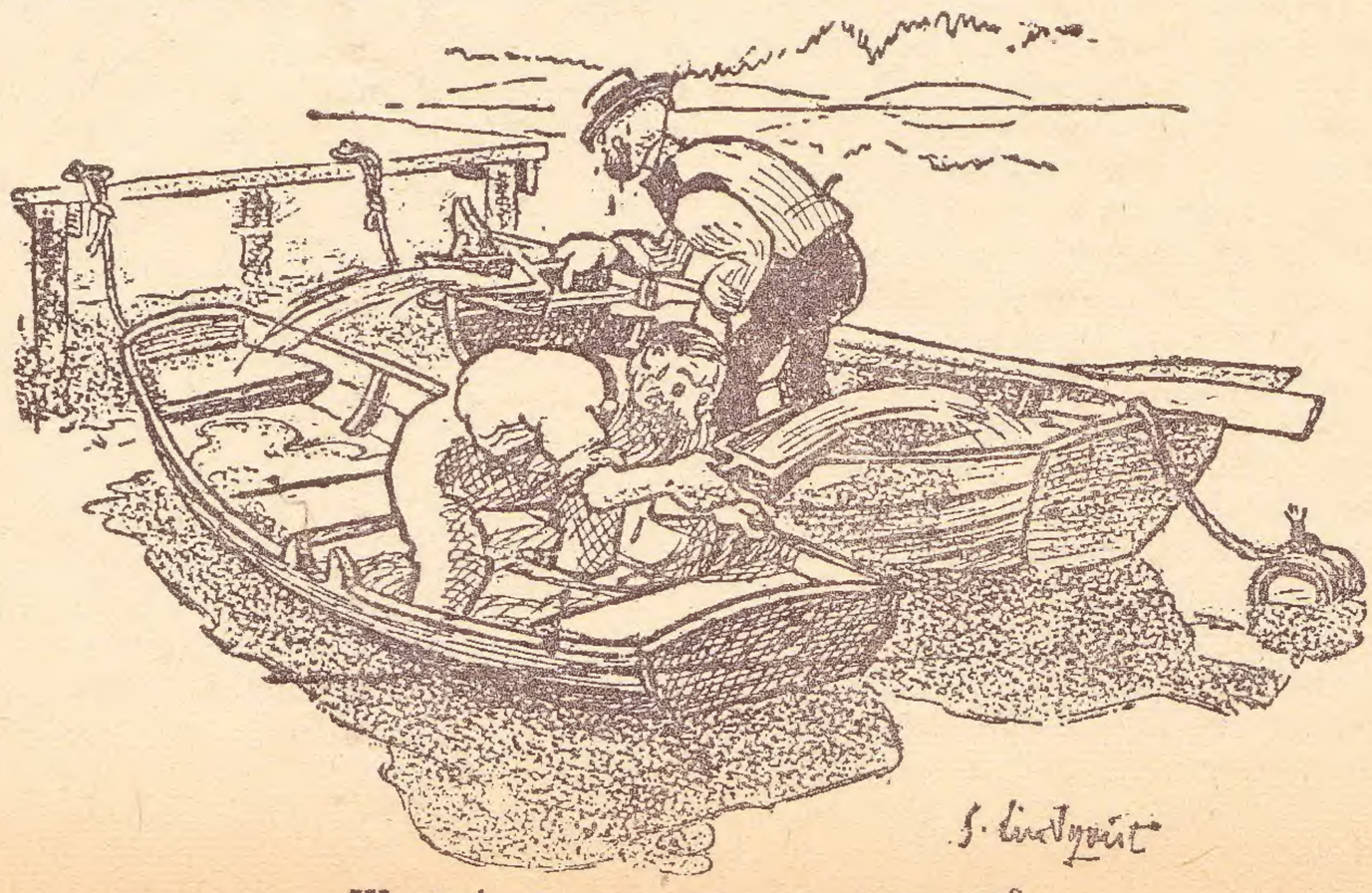
The voice sounded stern and Ben's heart thrilled at its courage. He raced for the shack, the boys at his heels, but they stopped at the door and stepped in carefully.

"Here's your man," said Ben's father; "look at him." But as their eyes became accustomed to the dark they saw no one. Then Ben's father laughed. "See this spider web? This is your convict, your desperate villain. When the wind blew it moved it forward just enough for you to get a glimpse of it and you got scared and took it for a man, just a web that a spider spun."

The boys filed out without saying a word, but as they neared the village, Ben's father said, "Boys, we'll keep this adventure to ourselves. It's pretty easy, you see, to make wrong judgments, especially if you get scared and run instead of stopping to look and face the thing squarely."

Beggar—Have you got enough money for a cup of coffee?

Freshman—Oh, I'll manage somehow, thank you.



WHERE'S THIS GOING TO WIND UP?

MAKING JELLY

HERE is a recipe for crab apple jelly.

Have four pounds of crab apples; four pints of water; six cloves; one inch root ginger; one pound of sugar to every pint of strained liquid.

Cut the crab apples in half with a stainless knife. Place them in the water, add cloves and ginger, and simmer till tender. Drain well. Do not squeeze the apples. Replace the drained liquid in the pan, add the sugar, boil until the syrup jellies quickly when tested on a cold plate. Pour into small jars or glasses. Cover closely with parchment, store in a cool, dry place.

ELDERBERRY JELLY

Have one quart of elderberries; one pint water. Boil together a few minutes, then press through a cloth until all the juice has been extracted. Next boil one quart of crab apples and one pint of water to extract the juice in the same way. Now mix both juices together, and to one pint of juice allow one pint of sugar. Boil rapidly till the jelly sets when tested; this usually takes about fifteen minutes. Elderberries need the addition of apples to make the jelly set. This combination makes an excellent jelly.

DAMSON AND APPLE JAM

Have six pounds of apples; seven pounds of damsons; sugar. Wash the apples, place in a pan and cover with water, boil to a pulp. Allow this to drip through a jelly cloth. Place damsons in a pan with seven pounds of sugar. Add the strained apple juice, and to every pint of juice add one pound of sugar. Boil rapidly for fifteen minutes. Pour into warm dry jars and cover with parchment.

SIMPLE THINGS

For my small corner of the world
—Blue sea, blue sky and pale green sod,
And noble mountains glistening mistily—
I thank Thee, God!

For deeps where white syringa droops
And dogwood blossoms shyly nod,
And the wild currant swings her crimson lamps—
I thank Thee, God!

For the sweet clover at my door,
Set all day long with golden bees;
The dewdrops linked along a blade of grass,
The bending trees.

The slender vine about my porch,
The meadow-lark at dawn that sings—
I thank Thee, God, that I have purest joy
In simple things! —*Exchange.*

"Barbara Picks the Neighbors' Flowers"

MARION BROWNFIELD

"BARBARA picks the neighbors' flowers," complained Barbara's mother, who lives in the house next to ours. "I just don't know what to do with her! I've punished her, and yet she persists in running about the neighborhood, and sooner or later, her hands are full of flowers!"

I began noticing three-year-old Barbara from the vantage of our front breakfast room. While Barbara's mother was preparing breakfast, one morning, Barbara in her little sleeping garments was discovering a snail under her own front shrubs. The trail led her to the sidewalk. Gradually Barbara wandered down to the corner. An early morning bonfire had left some fluffy black debris, and Barbara found it would crumble. She clapped pieces of it to dust and then scattered other pieces along the sidewalk as she loitered homeward, her appetite evidently reminding her to go to breakfast.

By this time her little face and pajamas were as smudged as an orange grove in frosty weather. Then she saw a yellow jonquil blooming, the only one as yet open in its round bed. She hurried toward it and smelled it, temporarily refraining from picking it. She walked around the bed, keeping her gaze on the flower, then, completely charmed, she picked the jonquil and ran home.

Barbara's father, hearing of her escapade, decided to take a hand. "Our back yard is small," he declared, "but Barbara shouldn't play out of bounds." He bought her a teeter-totter for her birthday, and he fixed her a rope swing. For a few days she was contented to remain in her yard.

Then one morning she saw pretty dandelions on the front lawn. Joyously she hurried forward and picked them, meanwhile discovering a gorgeous new tree—just a baby tree—set out in a neighbor's yard. She ran over to see it. A little boy joined her. "I dare to pick those pink flowers!" he boasted, reaching for the neighbor's prized peach blossoms. Barbara, delighted, helped him. But before the little tree was quite denuded, although decidedly devastated, Mrs. Eastman, the owner, appeared.

Shouting loudly, the little boy ran. Barbara merely held her flowers tighter and hung her head. Barbara's mother, hearing the boy's shout, came out.

"Oh, Barbara!" she wailed, hurrying forward, "now I must punish you again. Mrs. Eastman, I'm so sorry! Barbara, tell her you're sorry, before I take you home."

Barbara was crying.

"Tell her you're sorry!" insisted her mother.

Barbara shook her head as she sobbed.

"You'll be sorry when Daddy comes home," her mother threatened, taking Barbara's hand. "Give the lady her flowers, and tell her you're sorry you spoiled her new tree—"

Barbara choked — "I'm sorry — I spoiled—the tree—But I want to *keep* the flowers!"

"Well I never!" Barbara's mother gasped. "Of course you can't keep what doesn't belong to you!"

Later Mrs. Eastman remarked to me, "I never saw a child love flowers so much—I really would have liked to have her keep them, even though the tree is wrecked—I wonder it doesn't occur to Barbara's mother to let her plant some flowers herself, then she would learn not to pick them at random. She'd have a grand time with a few pansy plants. And sunflowers, morning-glories and nasturtiums are quick and easy to grow."

"Making a garden would be a pleasant cure!" I responded. "And I have been thinking that perhaps her love of flowers is, to a great extent, a love of color. I'd try her with colored crayons, some paints, or even bright scraps of cloth!"

"Or picking flowers may be the outcome of Barbara's disposition to explore—plus a love of color.

"A little time spent in studying Barbara, finding answers to a few simple questions as to why she picks flowers and what she wants to do with them," finished Mrs. Eastman, "certainly would bring better results than mere punishment."

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

A paper-weight used in a Bulawayo business house, and long regarded as a lump of brass, has been found to be a gold ingot worth $2,500.

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, JULY 26, 1940.

OUR COUNTRY INVADED!

STEALTHILY on a week-end near mid-July steamed transports and their convoying men-o'-war, possibly of both the British and Canadian navies. One after another the vessels slipped into one of Canada's fine harbors on the Atlantic coast. But these cohorts did not besiege Canada. They came to find in her a haven of refuge from the terrors and dangers of war, and Canada threw open its doors and extended its arms in loving welcome. For these were our "Guest Children" from the home land and from the lands of our allies, children in arms or cradles, little toddlers, boys and girls of all ages up to sixteen. Some came with their mothers or guardians, some were unaccompanied. Some came from well-to-do homes, some from homes that knew privation. Most of these children were quickly claimed by relatives or friends who thronged the railway stations to meet and greet them as the "boat specials" rolled in one after another to Montreal on Saturday night and Sunday.

Great was the joy at arrival and the thankfulness for a safe voyage in spite of menacing submarines.

But the flight of the children from persecution and danger did not begin a week or so earlier, but an era earlier, when Joseph and Mary hurriedly took their little Child out of Palestine away down into Egypt to escape the evil designs of Herod. And the movement of the children to places of greater safety must continue till every possible child shall have been removed from reach of "the Terror" let loose upon the world by "the Prince of the Power of the Air."

"Allow the little children to come unto Me for of such is the Kingdom of God," and "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these,

YE DID IT UNTO ME."

How many who have entertained strangers have found that they had entertained angels unawares! These children who have stretched out their hands to us for help will bring to us blessings beyond calculation—if so be that we receive them in Christ's name and stead. Surely the more needy they are, the more Christ would yearn (in us) to help them. Let us then think of them as our 'inasmuches' and do all we can for them lovingly.

Most of these dear children are lent to us "for the duration." But there may come some for adoption. And some may lose their parents during the war and remain with us. In any case many will want to make Canada their permanent home. Will we show that Canada is worthy of their choice by making our homes and hospitality worthy of them?

We hope many Messenger homes will have the joy of welcoming one or more of these children, or a child and its mother, into their family.

Those wishing to take one of these children into their homes may get information and application forms by addressing Canadian National Refugee Committee, 21 Dundas Square, Toronto.

BASTILLE DAY — 1940

ONE hundred and fifty-one years ago on July 14, the people of Paris, France, stormed and captured the Bastille. (Read the vivid story in Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities" or in Carlyle's "The French Revolution")

The prime object was to obtain arms. But the Bastille was hated as a symbol of tyranny. It had long been used as a state prison. There was especial hatred of the "lettres de cachet" under which people could be arrested and imprisoned secretly without a warrant or any legal process.

When the fall of the fortress was reported to King Louis he exclaimed, "But that is a revolt!" The Duc de Liancourt answered, "Sire, it is not a revolt,—it is a revolution." It was the beginning of the French Revolution. It meant indeed the birth of a new Europe, the passing of absolutism, the arrival of democracy as the governing power in the nations.

The Fete de la Federation, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, has been recognized as the great national holiday of France.

This year Bastille Day was a day of mourning. France,—once the champion of liberty in Europe,—suffers under a more cruel tyranny than that of her old Bourbon kings.

"The Marseillaise," the voice of a nation raised against oppression, can only bring tears to the eyes of the French people today. But the spirit of France cannot be destroyed, for it is the spirit of Liberty.

Mr. Churchill had some grand words to say about it in his broadcast:

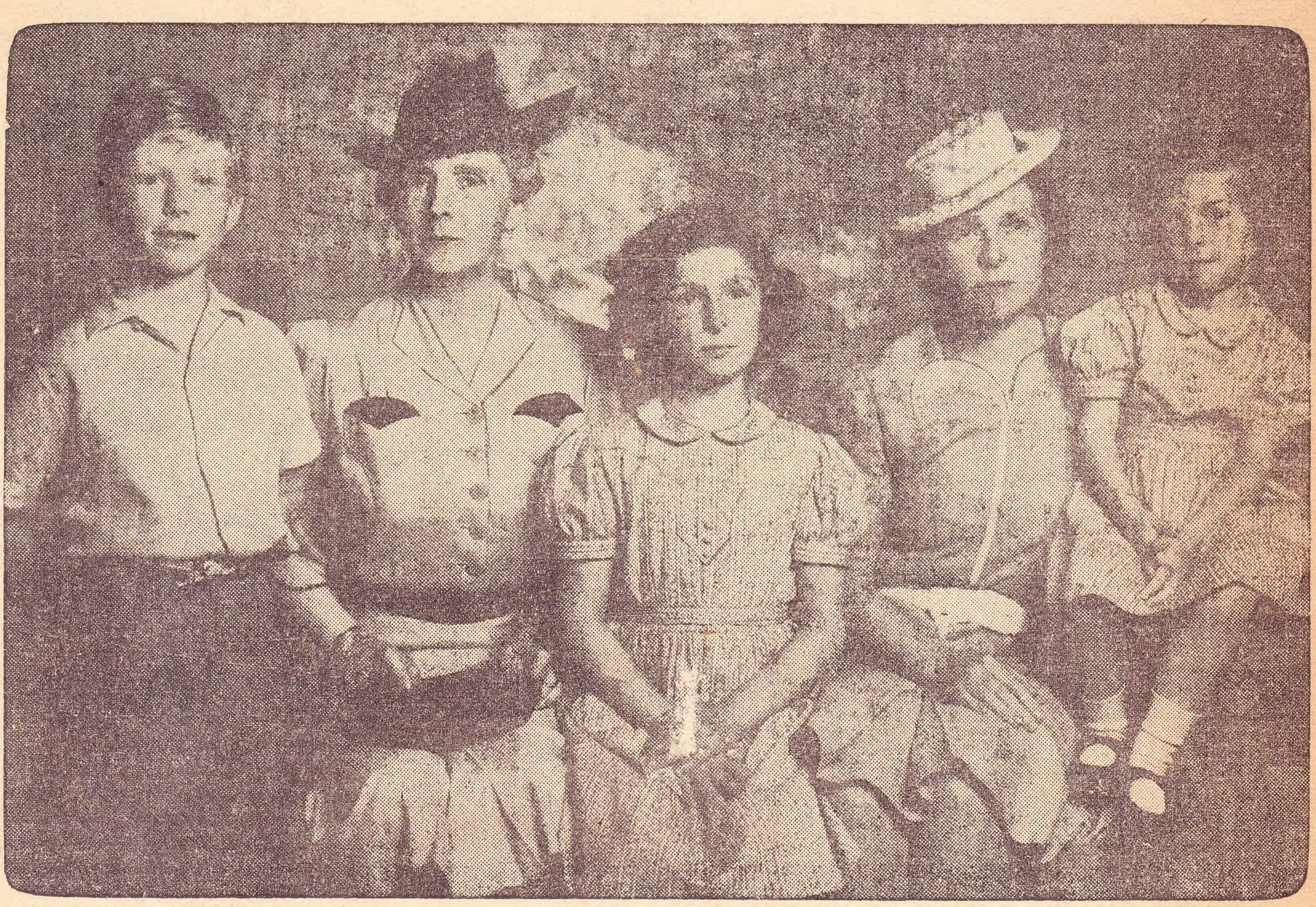
> "Today is the 14th ofJuly, the national festival of France. A year ago in Paris, I watched the stately parade down the Champs d'Elysee of the French Army and the French Empire. Who could foresee what the course of a year would bring?
>
> Who can foresee what the course of other years will bring? Faith is given to us as a help and comfort when we stand in awe before the unfurling scroll of human destiny. And I proclaim my faith that some of us will live to see a 14th of July when a liberated France will once again rejoice in her greatness and in her glory; and once again stand forward as a champion of the freedom and rights of man."

NORWAY STILL UNCONQUERED

MR. C. J. HAMBRO, for the past fifteen years President of the Norwegian Parliament reached Canada in a Norwegian freighter and went by plane to New York. He was interviewed by Anne O'Hare McCormick for The New York Times and The Montreal Gazette.

Mr. Hambro states that "Norway was not betrayed from within" and that reports that the country was honeycombed by fifth column activities were set going by the Nazis to make the people suspicious of each other. He said:

Our New Governor-General's Wife, Daughter and Grandchildren.



A DELIGHTFUL picture of H. R. H. Princess Alice and her daughter, Lady May Abel-Smith and the latter's children. From left to right are seen: the Honorable Richard Abel-Smith, H. R. H. Princess Alice, The Honorable Anne Abel-Smith (who bears a striking resemblance to Princess Margaret Rose), Lady May and The Honorable Elizabeth Abel-Smith.

NORWAY UNCONQUERED

(Continued from Page 15.)

"Consider what happened. We received no ultimatum. We had no warning of any kind. At midnight April 9, ships appeared simultaneously at many points along the coast, and in the darkness none of the surprised coastguards knew whether they were French, British or German. When the Germans reached Bergen, officers speaking English advised the patrol boats in the harbor that they were a British expeditionary force coming to help defend the country against the Germans.

"At Kristiansand the Norwegian navy repulsed them twice and sank the Karlsruhe and some smaller craft. Then the Norwegian commanding officer received a message in our navy code saying that French and British destroyers were hurrying to his aid and ordering him not to fire. When eight German destroyers entered the port under the French flag, of course the town was completely at their mercy. The biggest transport that came to Narvik flew an American flag.

Norway was betrayed—but betrayed by Germans. German officials, consuls and business men were active in the betrayal.

Mr. Hambro says that there were "a few Quislings" but the German attempt to form a puppet government under Quisling was an utter failure as no one would serve in it.

Mr. Hambro maintains that Norway, though in possession of the Germans, is not conquered.

Virtually all of her merchant marine totalling more than 4,000,000 tons is chartered to the Allies, but sails the seas under the Norwegian flag. Six thousand out of her 10,000 sailors manning the whaling fleet are now in England and the whaling boats are armed for patrol duty in the North Sea.

With her shipping Norway has also saved all her gold reserve, about $100,000,000, which was taken out of the country and deposited in the United States and Canada. Norway is still "a going concern."

Mr. Hambro is one of the most respected statesmen in Europe. He has sought the welfare of his country not only in material things but in the realm of religion and of character.

Friends of liberty everywhere will be encouraged by his courage and will share his confidence that Norway will yet be restored to her place among the freedom-loving nations of the world.

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